

6
L O N D O N:

OR, THE

P R O G R E S S

OF

C O M M E R C E.

A

P O E M.

By Mr. GLOVER. *Author of "Leonidas"*

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N;

Printed for T. COOPER, at the Globe, in Paternoster-Row.

MDCCXXXIX.

(Price One Shilling.)

LONDON:

OR THE

PROGRESS

OF

COMMERCIAL



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Printed by T. Cooper, at the Old Bailey.

MDCCLXXXI.

(This Catalogue is well known.)

THE ARGUMENT.

I

The ARGUMENT.

The following poem represents Commerce as the child of Neptune, and born on the coast of Libya in an island, celebrated in fabulous antiquity for its fruitfulness and plenty during the first uncultivated ages, whence the new divinity is supposed to convey these blessings round the world. Her birth is attended by many of the Gods, who endow her with their several gifts: among the rest Apollo appoints her to be the inventress of letters; Sir Isaac Newton's opinion being here alluded to, that merchandize gave rise to this wonderful discovery. Commerce is then described as making her first appearance to the world among the Phœnicians, the earliest people, who exercis'd an extensive trade. From thence she proceeds to visit other parts of the globe, and endeavours to erect her principal empire at Carthage, situated in Libya, the country assign'd for her nativity. Upon the destruction of that city she again removes from place to place; but at length, allured by the vigour and singular resolution of the Dutch in throwing off the Spanish yoke, she takes up her residence with that indefatigable people. Lastly, by the good laws, which have been made from time to time for the encouragement of trade among us, especially by the act of navigation, which has transferred a great part of the Dutch traffick to ourselves, she is suppos'd on our invitation to choose England for her chief abode, more particularly London, our principal emporium, as well as capital city.

A 2

The ARGUMENT.

city. And upon this occasion an enquiry is made, how it has come to pass, that, notwithstanding the great wealth and power attending Commerce, the course of trade should so often have shifted its seat; and the means, conceived most effectual to fix this wanderer here, are pointed out.

LONDON:

L O N D O N:

O R,

The Progress of Commerce.

YE northern blasts, and ¹ Eurus, wont to sweep
With rudest pinions o'er the furrow'd waves,
Awhile suspend your violence, and waft
From sandy ² Weser and the broad-mouth'd Elb
My freighted vessels to the destin'd shore, 5
Safe o'er th' unruffled main; let ev'ry thought,
Which may disquiet, and alarm my breast,
Be absent now; that, dispossest of care,
And free from every tumult of the mind,
With each disturbing passion hush'd to peace, 10
I may pour all my spirit on the theme,
Which opens now before me, and demands
The loftiest strain. The eagle, when he tow'rs
Beyond

¹ The east wind.

² Bremen is situated on the Weser, and Hamburgh on the Elb.

Beyond the clouds, the fleecy robes of heav'n,
 Disdains all objects but the golden sun, 15
 Full on th' effulgent orb directs his eye,
 And sails exulting through the blaze of day;
 So, while her wing attempts the boldest flight,
 Rejecting each inferior theme of praise,
 Thee, ornament of Europe, Albion's pride, 20
 Fair seat of wealth and freedom, thee my Muse
 Shall celebrate, O L O N D O N: thee she hails,
 Thou lov'd abode of Commerce, last retreat,
 Whence she contemplates with a tranquil mind
 Her various wandrings from the fated hour, 25
 That she abandon'd her maternal clime;
 Neptunian Commerce, whom Phœnicé bore,
 Illustrious nymph, that nam'd the fertile plains,
 Along the sounding main extended far,
 Which flow'ry Carmel with its sweets perfumes, 30
 And with its cedars Libanus o'er shades:
 Her from the bottom of the watry world,
 As once she stood, in radiant beauties grac'd,
 To mark the heaving tide, the piercing eye
 Of Neptune view'd enamour'd: from the deep 35
 The God ascending rushes to the beach,
 And clasps th' affrighted virgin. From that day

Soon

L O N D O N.

5

Soon as the paly regent of the night
 Nine times her monthly progress had renew'd
 Through heav'n's illumin'd vault, Phœnicé, led 40
 By shame, once more the sea-worn margin fought,
 There pac'd with painful steps the barren sands,
 A solitary mourner, and, the furge,
 Which gently roll'd beside her, now no more
 With placid eyes beholding, thus exclaim'd. 45

Ye fragrant shrubs, and cedars' lofty shade,
 Which crown my native hills, ye spreading palms,
 That rise majestic on these fruitful meads,
 With you, who gave the lost Phœnicé birth,
 And you, who bear th' endearing name of friends, 50
 Once faithful partners of my chaster hours,
 Farewell! To thee, perfidious God, I come,
 Bent down with pain and anguish on thy sands,
 I come thy suppliant; death is all, I crave;
 Bid thy devouring waves inwrap my head, 55
 And to the bottom whelm my cares and shame!

SHE ceas'd, when sudden from th' unclosing deep
 A crystal car emerg'd, with glitt'ring shells,
 Call'd from their oozy beds by Tethys' train,

And

And blushing coral deck'd, whose ruddy glow 60
Mix'd with the watry lustre of the pearl.

A smiling band of sea-born nymphs attend,
Who from the shore with gentle hands convey
The fear-subdu'd Phœnicé, and along
The lucid chariot place. As there with dread 65

All mute, and struggling with her painful throes
She lay, the winds by Neptune's high command
Were silent round her; not a Zephyr dar'd
To wanton o'er the cedar's branching top,
Nor on the plain the stately palm was seen 70

To wave its graceful verdure; o'er the main
No undulation broke the smooth expanse,
But all was hush'd and motionless around,
All but the lightly-sliding car, impell'd
Along the level azure by the strength 75
Of active Tritons, rivalling in speed
The rapid meteor, whose sulphureous train
Glides o'er the brow of darkness, and appears
The livid ruins of a falling star.

BENEATH the Lybian skies a blissful isle, 80
By ³ Triton's floods encircled, Nyfa lay.

Here

³ Triton, a river and lake of ancient Lybia.

L O N D O N.

7

Here youthful Nature wanton'd in delights,
 And here the guardians of the bounteous horn,
 While it was now the infancy of time,
 Nor yet th' uncultivated globe had learn'd 85
 To smile, ⁴ Eucarpé, ⁵ Dapfiléa dwelt,
 With all the nymphs, whose secret care had nurs'd
 The eldest Bacchus. From the flow'ry shore
 A turf-clad valley opens, and along
 Its verdure mild the willing feet allures; 90
 While on its sloping sides ascends the pride
 Of hoary groves, high-arching o'er the vale
 With day-rejecting gloom. The solemn shade
 Half round a spacious lawn at length expands,
⁶ Clos'd by a tow'ring cliff, whose forehead glows 95
 With azure, purple, and ten thousand dyes,
 From its resplendent fragments beaming round;
 Nor less irradiate colours from beneath
 On ev'ry side an ample grot reflects,
 As down the perforated rock the sun 100
 Pours his meridian blaze; rever'd abode
 Of Nyssa's nymphs, with ev'ry plant attir'd,
 That wears undying green, refresh'd with rills

From

⁴ Fruitfulness.

⁵ Plenty.

⁶ This whole description of the rock and grotto is taken from Diod. Siculus, lib. 3. pag. 202.

From ever-living fountains, and enrich'd
 With all Pomona's bloom: unfading flow'rs 105
 Glow on the mead, and spicy shrubs perfume
 With inexhausted sweets the cooling gale,
 Which breathes incessant there; while ev'ry bird
 Of tuneful note his gay or plaintive song
 Blends with the warble of meandering streams, 110
 Which o'er their pebbled channels murm'ring lave
 The fruit-invested hills, that rise around.
 The gentle Nereids to this calm recess
 Phœnicé bear; nor Daphiléa bland,
 Nor good Eucarpé, studious to obey 115
 Great Neptune's will, their hospitable care
 Refuse; nor long Lucina is invok'd.
 Soon as the wondrous infant sprung to day,
 Earth rock'd around; with all their nodding woods,
 And streams reverting to their troubled source, 120
 The mountains shook; while Lybia's neighb'ring God,
 Mysterious Ammon from his hollow cell
 With deep-resounding accent thus to heav'n,
 To earth, and sea the mighty birth proclaim'd.

A NEW-BORN pow'r behold! whom fate hath call'd
 The Gods' imperfect labour to complete, 126
 This

L O N D O N.

9

This wide creation. She in lonely sands
 Shall bid the tow'r-encircled city rise,
 The barren sea shall people, and the wilds
 Of dreary nature shall with plenty cloath; 130
 She shall enlighten man's unletter'd race,
 And with endearing intercourse unite
 Remoteſt nations, ſcorch'd by fultry ſuns,
 Or freezing near the ſnow-encruſted pole:
 Where'er the joyous vine diſdains to grow, 135
 The fruitful olive, or the golden ear;
 Her hand divine with interpoſing aid
 To ev'ry climate ſhall the gifts ſupply
 Of Ceres, Bacchus, and 7th Athenian maid:
 The graces, joys, emoluments of life 140
 From her exhauſtleſs bounty all ſhall flow.

THE heav'nly prophet ceaſ'd. Olympus heard.
 Streight from their ſtar-beſpangled thrones deſcend
 On blooming Nyſa a celeftial band
 The ocean's lord to honour in his child; 145
 When o'er his offspring ſmiling thus began
 The trident-ruler. Commerce be thy name:

B

To

⁷ Minerva, the tutelary Goddeſs of the Athenians, to whom ſhe gave the olive.

To thee I give the empire of the main.
 From where the morning breathes its eastern gale,
 To th' undiscover'd limits of the west, 150
 From chilling Boreas to extremest South
 Thy fire's obsequious billows shall extend
 Thy universal reign. Minerva next
 With wisdom blest'd her, Mercury with art,
⁸ The Lemnian God with industry, and last 155
 Majestic Phœbus, o'er the infant long
 In contemplation pausing, thus declar'd
 From his enraptur'd lip his matchless boon.

THEE with divine invention I endow,
 That secret wonder, goddess, to disclose, 160
 By which the wise, the virtuous, and the brave,
 The heav'n-taught poet, and exploring sage
 Shall pass recorded to the verge of time.

HER years of childhood now were number'd o'er,
 When to her mother's natal soil repair'd 165
 The new divinity, whose parting step
 Her sacred nurses follow'd, ever now
 To her alone inseparably join'd;

Then

⁸ Vulcan, the tutelary deity of Lemnos.

L O N D O N.

II

Then first deserting their Nyseïan Shore
 To spread their hoarded blessings round the world; 170
 Who with them bore the inexhausted horn
 Of ever-smiling plenty. Thus adorn'd,
 Attended thus, great Goddess, thou beganst
 Thy all-enlivening progress o'er the globe
 Then rude and joyless, destin'd to repair 175
 The various ills, which earliest ages ru'd
 From one, like thee, distinguish'd by the gifts
 Of heav'n, Pandora, whose pernicious hand
 From the dire vase releas'd th' imprison'd woes.

THOU, gracious Commerce, from his cheerless caves
 In horrid rocks, and solitary woods, 181
 The helpless wand'rer man forlorn and wild
 Didst charm to sweet society; didst cast
 The deep foundations, where the future pride
 Of mightiest cities rose; and o'er the main 185
 Before the wond'ring Nereids didst present
 The surge-dividing keel, and stately mast,
 Whose canvass wings, distending with the gale,
 The bold Phœnician through Alcides' straits
 To northern Albion's tin-embowel'd fields, 190
 And oft beneath the sea-obscur'ing brow

Of cloud-envelop'd Teneriff convey'd.
 Next in sagacious thought th' ethereal plains
 Thou trodst, exploring each propitious star
 The danger-braving mariner to guide; 195
 Then all the latent and mysterious pow'rs
 Of number didst unravel; last to crown
 Thy bounties, Goddess, thy unrival'd toils
 For man, still urging thy inventive mind,
 Thou gav'st him letters; there imparting all, 200
 Which lifts th' ennobled spirit near to heav'n,
 Laws, learning, wisdom, nature's works reveal'd
 By godlike sages, all Minerva's arts,
 Apollo's music, and th' eternal voice
 Of Virtue, sounding from th' historic roll, 205
 The philosophic page, and poet's song.

Now solitude and silence from the shores
 Retreat on pathless mountains to reside,
 Barbarity is polish'd, infant arts
 Bloom in the desert, and benignant peace 210
 With hospitality begin to sooth
 Unsocial rapine, and the thirst of blood;
 As,

* Here the opinion of Sir Isaac Newton is follow'd, that letters were first invented amongst the trading parts of the world.

As, from his tumid urn when Nilus spreads
 His genial tides abroad, the favour'd foil,
 That joins his fruitful border, first imbibes 215
 The kindly stream; anon the bounteous God
 His waves extends, embracing Ægypt round,
 Dwells on the teeming champain, and endows
 The sleeping grain with vigour to attire
 In one bright harvest all the Pharian plains: 220
 Thus, when Pygmalion from Phœnician Tyre
 Had banish'd freedom, with disdainful steps
 Indignant Commerce, turning from the walls,
 Herself had rais'd, her welcome sway enlarg'd
 Among the nations, spreading round the globe 225
 The fruits of all its climes; ¹⁰ Cecropian oil,
 The Thracian vintage, and Panchaïan gums,
 Arabia's spices, and the golden grain,
 Which old Osiris to his Ægypt gave,
 And Ceres to ¹¹ Sicania. Thou didst raise 230
 Th' Ionian name, O Commerce, thou the domes
 Of sumptuous Corinth, and the ample round
 Of Syracuse didst people.---All the wealth
 Now thou assemblest from Iberia's mines,

And

¹⁰ Athenian. Athens was call'd Cecropia from Cecrops its first king.

¹¹ Sicily.

And golden-channel'd Tagus, all the spoils 235
 From fair ¹² Trinacria wafted, all the pow'rs
 Of conquer'd Afric's tributary realms
 To fix thy empire on the Lybian verge,
 Thy native tract; the nymphs of Nyfa hail
 Thy glad return, and echoing joy resounds 240
 O'er Triton's sacred waters, but in vain:
 The irreverfible decrees of heav'n
 To far more northern regions had ordain'd
 Thy lafting feat; in vain th' imperial port
 Receives the gather'd riches of the world; 245
 In vain whole climates bow beneath its rule;
 Behold the toil of centuries to Rome
 Its glories yields, and mould'ring leaves no trace
 Of its deep-rooted greatness: thou with tears
 From thy extinguish'd Carthage didft retire, 250
 And thefe thy perifh'd honours long deplore.
 What though rich ¹³ Gades, what though polifh'd Rhodes,
 With Alexandria, Ægypt's fplendid mart,
 The learn'd ¹⁴ Maffylians, and ¹⁵ Ligurian tow'rs,
 What though the potent Hanfeatic league, 255
 And

¹² Another name of Sicily, which was frequently ravag'd by the Carthaginians. ¹³ Cadiz.

¹⁴ Marfeilles, a Grecian colony, the moft civiliz'd, as well as the greateft trading city of ancient Gaul. ¹⁵ Genoua.

And Venice, mistress of the Grecian isles,
 With all th' Ægean floods, awhile might sooth
 The sad remembrance; what though, led through climes
 And seas unknown, with thee th' advent'rous sons
 Of ¹⁶ Tagus pass'd the stormy cape, which braves 260
 The huge Atlantic; what though Antwerp grew
 Beneath thy smiles, and thou propitious there
 Didst show'r thy blessings with unsparing hands:
 Still on thy grief-indented heart impress'd
 The great Amilcar's valour, still the deeds 265
 Of Asdrubal and Mago, still the loss
 Of thy unequal'd Annibal remain'd:
 Till from the sandy mouths of echoing Rhine,
 And sounding margin of the Scheld and Maese,
 With sudden roar the angry voice of war 270
 Alarm'd thy languor; wonder turn'd thy eye,
 Lo! in bright arms a bold militia stood,
 Arrang'd for battle: from afar thou saw'st
 The snowy ridge of Apennine, the fields
 Of wide Calabria, and Pyrene's hills, 275
 The Guadiana, and the Duro's banks,
 And rapid Ebro gath'ring all their pow'rs
 To crush this daring populace. The pride

OF

¹⁶ The Portuguese discover'd the cape of Good Hope in 1487.

Of fiercest kings with more inflam'd revenge
 Ne'er menac'd freedom; nor since dauntless Greece,
 And Rome's stern offspring none hath e'er surpass'd 281
 The bold ¹⁷ Batavian in his glorious toil
 For liberty, or death. At once the thought
 Of long-lamented Carthage flies thy breast,
 And ardent, Goddess, thou dost speed to save 285
 The gen'rous people. Not the vernal show'rs,
 Distilling copious from the morning clouds,
 Descend more kindly on the tender flow'r,
 New-born and op'ning on the lap of spring,
 Than on this rising state thy cheering smile, 290
 And animating presence; while on Spain,
 Prophetic thus, thy indignation broke.

INSATIATE race! the shame of polish'd lands!
 Disgrace of Europe! for inhuman deeds
 And insolence renown'd! what demon led 295
 Thee first to plough the undiscover'd furge,
 Which lav'd an hidden world? whose malice taught
 Thee first to taint with rapine, and with rage,
 With more than savage thirst of blood the arts,
 By me for gentlest intercourse ordain'd, 300

For

¹⁷ The Dutch.

L O N D O N.

317

For mutual aids, and hospitable ties
 From shore to shore? Or, that pernicious hour,
 Was Heav'n disgusted with its wondrous works,
 That to thy fell exterminating hand
 Th' immense Peruvian empire it resign'd, 315
 And all, which lordly ¹⁸Montezeuma sway'd?
 And com'st thou, strengthen'd with the shining stores
 Of that gold-teeming hemisphere, to waste
 The smiling fields of Europe, and extend
 Thy bloody shackles o'er these happy seats 320
 Of liberty? Presumptuous nation, learn,
 From this dire period shall thy glories fade,
 Thy slaughter'd youth shall fatten Belgium's sands,
 And Victory against her Albion's cliffs
 Shall see the blood-empurpled ocean dash 325
 Thy weltring hosts, and stain the chalky shore:
 Ev'n those, whom now thy impious pride would bind
 In servile chains, hereafter shall support
 Thy weaken'd throne; when Heav'n's afflicting hand
 Of all thy pow'r despoils thee, when alone 330
 Of all, which e'er hath signaliz'd thy name,
 Thy insolence and cruelty remain.

C

T H U S

¹⁸ Montezeuma emperor of Mexico.

THUS with her clouded visage, wrapt in frowns;
 The Goddess threaten'd, and the daring train
 Of her untam'd militia, torn with wounds, 325
 Despising fortune, from repeated foils
 More fierce, and braving famine's keenest rage,
 At length through deluges of blood she led
 To envied greatness; ev'n while clam'rous Mars
 With loudest clangor bade his trumpet shake 330
 The Belgian champain, she their standard rear'd
 On tributary Java, and the shores
 Of huge Borneo; thou, Sumatra, heard'st
 Her naval thunder, Ceylon's trembling sons
 Their fragrant stores of cinnamon resign'd, 335
 And odour-breathing Ternate and Tidore
 Their spicy groves: and O whatever coast
 The Belgians trace, where'er their pow'r is spread,
 To hoary Zembla, or to Indian funs,
 Still thither be extended thy renown, 340
 O WILLIAM, pride of Orange, and ador'd
 Thy virtues, which disdaining life, or wealth,
 Or empire, whether in thy dawn of youth,
 Thy glorious noon of manhood, or the night,

¹⁹ The fatal night of death, no other care 345
 Besides the public own'd: and dear to fame
 Be thou, harmonious ²⁰ Douza; ev'ry muse
 Your laurel strow around this hero's urn,
 Whom fond Minerva grac'd with all her arts,
 Alike in letters and in arms to shine, 350
 A dauntless warrior, and a learned bard.
 Him Spain's surrounding host for slaughter mark'd,
 With massacre yet reeking from the streets
 Of blood-stain'd Harlem; he on Leyden's tow'rs
 With famine his companion, wan, subdu'd 355
 In outward form, with patient virtue stood
 Superior to despair; the heav'nly Nine
 His suff'ring soul with great examples cheer'd
 Of memorable bards, by Mars adorn'd
 With wreaths of fame, ²¹ Oeagrus' tuneful son, 360
 Who with melodious praise to noblest deeds
 Charm'd the Iolchian heroes, and himself
 Their danger shar'd, ²² Tyrtæus, who reviv'd

C. 2

With

¹⁹ He was assassinated at Delf. His dying words were, Lord have mercy upon this people. See Grot. de Bell. Belg.

²⁰ Janus Douza, a famous poet, and the most learned man of his time. He commanded in Leyden, when it was so obstinately besieged by the Spaniards in 1570. See Meursii Athen. Bat.

²¹ Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, who set sail from Iolcos, a town in Thessalia.

²² When the Spartans were greatly distressed in the Messenian war, they applied to the Athenians for a general, who sent them the poet Tyrtæus.

With animating verse the Spartan hopes,
 Brave ²³ Æschylus and ²⁴ Sophocles, around
 Whose sacred brows the tragic ivy twin'd, 365
 Mix'd with the warrior's laurel; all surpass'd
 By Douza's valour: and the gen'rous toil,
 His and his country's labours soon receiv'd
 Their high reward, when fav'ring Commerce rais'd
 Th' invincible Batavians; till, rever'd 370
 Among the mightiest, on the brightest roll
 Of Fame they shone, by splendid wealth and pow'r
 Grac'd and supported; thus a genial soil
 Diffusing vigour through the infant oak,
 Affords it strength to flourish, till at last 375
 Its lofty head, in verdant honours clad,
 It rears amidst the proudest of the grove.

YET here th' eternal Fates thy last retreat:
 Deny, a mightier nation they prepare
 For thy reception, sufferers alike 380
 By th' unremitted insolence of pow'r
 From reign to reign, nor less than Belgium known
 For bold contention oft on crimson fields,

In

²³ Æschylus, one of the most ancient tragic poets, who signaliz'd himself in the battles of Marathon and Salamis.

²⁴ Sophocles commanded his countrymen the Athenians in several expeditions.

In free-tongu'd senates oft with nervous laws
 To circumscribe, or conqu'ring to depose 385
 Their sceptred tyrants: Albion sea-embrac'd,
 The joy of Freedom, dread of treach'rous kings,
 The destin'd mistress of the subject main,
 And arbitress of Europe, now demands
 Thy presence, Goddess. It was now the time, 390
 Ere yet perfidious Cromwel dar'd profane
 The sacred senate, and with impious feet
 Tread on the pow'rs of magistrates and laws,
 While ev'ry arm was chill'd with cold amaze,
 Nor one in all that dauntless train was found 395
 To pierce the ruffian's heart; and now thy name
 Was heard in thunder through th' affrighted shores
 Of pale Iberia, of submissive Gaul,
 And Tagus, trembling to his utmost source,
 O ever faithful, vigilant, and brave, 400
 Thou bold asserter of Britannia's fame,
 Unconquerable BLAKE: propitious heav'n
 At this great æra, and ²⁵ the sage decree
 Of Albion's senate, perfecting at once,
 What by ²⁶ Eliza was so well begun, 405
 So

²⁵ The act of navigation.

²⁶ Queen Elizabeth was the first of our princes, who gave any considerable encouragement to trade.

So deeply founded, to this favour'd shore
 The Goddess drew, where grateful she bestow'd
 Th' unbounded empire of her father's floods,
 And chose thee, London, for her chief abode,
 Pleas'd with the silver Thames, its gentle stream, 410
 And smiling banks, its joy-diffusing hills,
 Which, clad with splendour, and with beauty grac'd,
 O'erlook his lucid bosom; pleas'd with thee,
 Thou nurse of arts, and thy industrious race;
 Pleas'd with their candid manners, with their free 415
 Sagacious converse, to enquiry led,
 And zeal for knowledge; hence the opening mind
 Relinquish its errors, and unseals the eye
 Of blind opinion; merit hence is heard
 Amidst its blushes, dawning arts arise, 420
 The gloomy clouds, which ignorance or fear
 Spread o'er the paths of virtue, are dispell'd,
 Servility retires, and ev'ry heart
 With public cares is warm'd; thy merchants hence,
 Illustrious city, thou dost raise to fame: 425
 How many names of glory may'st thou trace
 From earliest annals down to BARNARD's times!
 And, O! if like that eloquence divine,
 Which forth for Commerce, for Britannia's rights,
 And

L O N D O N.

23

And her insulted majesty he pour'd,
 These humble measures flow'd, then too thy walls
 Might undisgrac'd resound thy poet's name,
 Who now all fearful to thy praise attunes
 His lyre, and pays his grateful Song to thee,
 Thy votary, O Commerce! Gracious pow'r!
 Continue still to hear my vows, and bless
 My honourable industry, which courts
 No other smile but thine; for thou alone
 Can'st wealth bestow with independence crown'd:
 Nor yet exclude contemplative repose,
 But to my dwelling grant the solemn calm
 Of learned leisure, never to reject
 The visitation of the tuneful maids,
 Who seldom deign to leave their sacred haunts,
 And grace a mortal mansion; thou divide
 With them my labours; pleasure I resign,
 And, all devoted to my midnight lamp,
 Ev'n now, when Albion o'er the foamy breast
 Of groaning Tethys spreads its threat'ning fleets,
 I grasp the sounding shell, prepar'd to sing
 That hero's valour, who shall best confound
 His injur'd country's foes: ev'n now I feel
 Celestial fires descending on my breast,

Which

Which prompt thy daring suppliant to explore,
 Why, though deriv'd from Neptune, though rever'd 455
 Among the nations, by the Gods endow'd,
 Thou never yet from eldest times hast found
 One permanent abode, why, oft expell'd
 Thy favour'd seats, from clime to clime hast borne
 Thy wand'ring steps, why L O N D O N late hath seen 460
 (Thy lov'd, thy last retreat) desponding care
 O'ercloud thy brow: O listen, while the Muse,
 Th' immortal progeny of Jove, unfolds
 The fatal cause. What Time in Nyssa's cave
 Th' ethereal train in honour to thy fire 465
 Show'r'd on thy birth their blended gifts, the pow'r
 Of war was absent; hence, unblest'd by Mars,
 Thy sons relinquish'd arms, on other arts
 Intent, and still to mercenary hands
 The sword entrusting, vainly deem'd, that wealth 470
 Could purchase lasting safety, and protect
 Unwarlike freedom; hence the Alps in vain
 Were pass'd, their long-impenetrable snows
 And dreary torrents; swoln with Roman dead,
 Astonish'd ²⁷ Trebia overflow'd its banks 475

In

²⁷ Trebia, Trasimenus lacus, and Cannæ, famous for the victories gain'd by Annibal over the Romans.

In vain, and deep-dy'd Trafimenus roll'd
 Its crimson waters; Cannæ's signal day
 The fame alone of great Amilcar's son
 Enlarg'd, while still undisciplin'd, dismay'd,
 Her head commercial Carthage bow'd at last 480
 To military Rome: th' unalter'd will
 Of heav'n in ev'ry climate hath ordain'd,
 And ev'ry age, that empire shall attend
 The sword, and steel shall ever conquer gold.
 Then from thy suff'rings learn; th' auspicious hour 485
 Now smiles; our wary magistrates have arm'd
 Our hands; thou, Goddess, animate our breasts
 To cast inglorious indolence aside,
 That once again, in bright battalions rang'd,
 Our thousands and ten thousands may be seen 490
 Their country's only rampart, and the dread
 Of wild ambition. Mark the Swedish hind;
 He, on his native soil should danger lour,
 Soon from the entrails of the dusky mine
 Would rise to arms; and other fields and chiefs 495
 With ²⁸ Helsingburg and Steinboch soon would share

D

The

²⁸ Helsingburg, a small town in Schonen, celebrated for the victory, which Count Steinboch gain'd over the Danes with an army, for the most part composed of Swedish peasants, who had never seen an enemy before; it is remarkable, that the defeated troops were as complete a body of regular forces, as any in all Europe.

The admiration of the northern world :
 Helvetia's hills behold, th' aërial feat
 Of long-supported Liberty, who thence,
 Securely resting on her faithful shield, 500
 The warrior's corselet flaming on her breast,
 Looks down with scorn on spacious realms, which groan
 In servitude around her, and, her sword
 With dauntless skill high-brandishing, defies
 The Austrian eagle, and imperious Gaul : 505
 And O could those ill-fated shades arise,
 Whose valiant ranks along th' ensanguin'd dust
 Of ²⁹ Newbury lay crouded, they could tell,
 How their long-matchless cavalry, so oft
 O'er hills of slain by ardent RUPERT led, 510
 Whose dreaded standard victory had wav'd,
 Till then triumphant, there with noblest blood
 From their gor'd squadrons dy'd the restive spear
 Of London's firm militia, and resign'd

The

" The London train'd bands, and auxiliary regiments (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service, beyond the easy practice of their postures in the artillery garden, men had till then too cheap an estimation) behav'd themselves to wonder; and were, in truth, the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scatter'd and dispers'd, kept their ground so steadily, that though prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endur'd their storm of small shot, he could make no impression on their stand of pikes; but was forc'd to wheel about. Clarend. book 7. pag. 347.

L O N D O N.

27

The well-disputed field: then, Goddess, say,
 Shall we be now more timid, when behold,
 The blackning storm now gathers round our heads,
 And England's angry genius sounds to arms?
 For thee, remember, is the banner spread,
 The naval tow'r to vindicate thy rights
 Will sweep the curling foam, the thund'ring bomb
 Will roar, and startle in their deepest grotts
 Old Nereus' daughters, with combustion stor'd
 For thee our dire volcano's of the main,
 Impregnated with horror, soon will pour
 Their flaming ruin round each hostile fleet;
 Thou then, great Goddess, summon all thy pow'rs,
 Arm all thy sons, thy vassals, ev'ry heart
 In flame: and you, ye fear-disclaiming race,
 Ye mariners of Britain, chosen train
 Of Liberty and Commerce, now no more
 Secrete your gen'rous valour; hear the call
 Of injur'd Albion; to her foes present
 Those daring bosoms, which alike disdain
 The death-disploding cannon, and the rage
 Of warring tempests, mingling in their strife
 The seas and clouds: though long, in silence hush'd,
 Hath slept the British thunder; though the pride

515

520

525

530

535

Of weak Iberia hath forgot the roar;
 Soon shall her ancient terrours be recall'd, 540
 When your victorious shouts affright her shores:
 None now ignobly will your warmth restrain,
 Nor hazard more indignant valour's curse,
 Their country's wrath, and Time's eternal scorn;
 Then bid the furies of Bellona wake, 545
 And silver-mantled Peace with welcome steps
 Anon shall visit your triumphant isle.
 And that perpetual safety may possess
 Our joyous fields, thou, genius, who presid'st
 O'er this illustrious city, teach her sons 550
 To wield the noble instruments of war;
 And let the great example soon extend
 Through ev'ry province, till Britannia sees
 Her docile millions fill the martial plain.
 Then, whatsoe'er our terrours now suggest 555
 Of desolation and th' invading sword,
 Though with his massy trident Neptune heav'd
 A new-born isthmus from the British deep,
 And to its parent continent rejoin'd
 Our chalky shore; though Mahomet could league 560
 His pow'rful crescent with the hostile Gaul,
 And that new Cyrus of the conquer'd east,

Who

L O N D O N.

29

Who now in trembling vassalage unites
 The Ganges and Euphrates, could advance
 With his auxiliar host; our warlike youth. 565
 With ³⁰equal numbers, and with keener zeal
 For children, parents, friends, for England fir'd,
 Her fertile glebe, her wealthy towns, her laws,
 Her liberty, her honour, should sustain
 The dreadful onset, and resistless break 570
 Th' immense array: thus ev'n the lightest thought
 E'er to invade Britannia's calm repose
 Must die the moment, that auspicious Mars
 Her sons shall bless with discipline and arms;
 That exil'd race, in superstition nurs'd, 575
 The servile pupils of tyrannic Rome,
 With distant gaze despairing shall behold
 The guarded splendors of Britannia's crown;
 Still from their abdicated sway estrang'd,
 With all th' attendance on despotic thrones, 580
 Priests, ignorance, and bonds; with watchful step
 Gigantic Terrour, striding round our coast,
 Shall shake his gorgon ægis, and the hearts

Of

³⁰ If the computation, which allots near two millions of fighting men to this kingdom, may be relied on; it is not easy to conceive, how the united force of the whole world could assemble together, and subsist in an enemy's country greater numbers, than they would find opposed to them here.

Of proudest kings appal; to other shores
 Our angry fleets, when insolence and wrongs 585
 To arms awaken our vindictive pow'r,
 Shall bear the hideous waste of ruthless war;
 But liberty, security, and fame
 Shall dwell for ever on our chosen plains.

F I N I S.

Erratum. Line 59. r. *cult'd*.



